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One Halfpenny.

PRINCE EDDY OF WALES: HANDYMAN AND CRICKETER.



The miniature brig King Edward VII. on Virginia Water in readiness for her first voyage with Prince Eddy on board at the King's sailing-party to-morrow. Inserted in the corner of the photograph is the latest portrait of Prince Edward.



Prince Edward with his royal grandfather, whom, in the natural course, he will one day succeed.—(Bassano.)



Prince Edward and his mother, the Princess of Wales. The little Prince is eleven years old to-day.



Prince Edward practising for to-day's cricket match at Frogmore. He will captain a team which is to play another captained by his younger brother, Prince Albert. The players will be drawn from among the younger boys of Eton College.

THE ACCUSED ARMY OFFICERS.

Relieved from Duty but Still
Receiving Pay.

PREMIER'S CONCESSION.

Commission of Inquiry To Have Full
Statutory Powers After All.

Yielding still further to feeling on his own side of the House, as well as pressure from the Opposition, Mr. Balfour has again shifted his ground in the matter of the Army Scandal Inquiry.

In the House of Commons he announced yesterday that the Royal Commission on the loss of the six millions after the war would not be an ordinary Commission, but would

1. Be vested with full statutory powers.
2. Compel the attendance of witnesses by subpoena.
3. Impound papers.
4. Issue sub-commissions of inquiry.

These powers will enable the Commission to administer the oath to witnesses.

"C.B." (suavely): What facilities will the right hon. gentleman give for the discussion of the motion in the name of Sir Robert Reid with reference to the conduct of the Government in relation to the War Contracts?

Mr. Balfour (very sharply): Monday next! The other sensation of the afternoon was the announcement by Mr. Arnold-Forster of the names of the officers relieved from duty, and his statement that they are still drawing pay and retain all their privileges as officers.

The accused are eight in number, and their names are:—

- Brevet-Colonel A. G. Hipwell, A.S.C.
- Colonel H. G. Morgan, C.B., D.S.O., A.S.C.
- Major G. F. Walton, A.S.C.
- Captain P. C. de la Pryne, A.S.C.
- Captain R. M. Limond, A.S.C.
- Colonel G. Dewar, A.P.D.
- Lieutenant-Colonel Swire, A.P.D.
- Captain H. de C. Huntman, A.P.D.

[A.S.C. stands for Army Service Corps and A.P.D. for Army Pay Department.]

These officers are still (added Mr. Arnold-Forster) drawing pay. An officer suspended from duty is placed under the same restrictions as if in open arrest. An officer relieved from duty is not placed under such restrictions, and retains all his privileges as an officer.

Mr. Pirie: Have any of these officers asked for a court-martial? Mr. Arnold-Forster: No.

The House then proceeded to discuss the Scotch Estimates.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Appointment of Commissioners Not Expected
for a Fortnight at Least.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Thursday Night.—Everybody is talking about Mr. Balfour's series of changes of mind with regard to the War Stores Inquiry. The last is the most striking.

Having stated yesterday that he would not allow the Commission to be of a statutory character, he has now shifted his ground, and given it full powers in connection with the examination of witnesses on oath and other matters which only a Statutory Commission could exercise.

It is now intended, therefore, that a Bill providing for the appointment of a Commission shall be laid before Parliament with the least possible delay, and in effort is being made to get the Opposition to assist in drafting the measure, so that it will be allowed to pass, as I hinted yesterday, practically unopposed.

The only point at issue at the moment between the two Front Benches in regard to the character of the Bill is that Mr. Balfour is anxious that the names of the Commissioners should not be included in the text of the measure, while the Opposition contend that this is essential.

It is not likely that the composition of the Commission will be decided on for at least another fortnight.

There was a long Cabinet to discuss details this afternoon, and it met again in the evening, which is very unusual.

LORD KITCHENER'S EXPERT IGNORED.

The London correspondent of the "Western Morning News" states this morning that after the war Lord Kitchener appointed a financial adviser in South Africa to check all accounts over £500, and that after Sir Neville Lytton took over the command this expert, finding he was no longer consulted as before, asked leave to resign his appointment.

COSSACK ATROCITIES.

Flame of Revolt and Outrage in
Russia.

STRIKERS SHOT DOWN.

Another crisis has been reached in the social upheaval of Russia. Stories of outrage and bloodshed pour in from every part of the country.

The Cossacks have behaved with unexampled brutality in dispersing meetings of strikers. In the Talka suburb of the manufacturing town of Ivanovo Voznesensk, says a Reuter message, the troops, after breaking up a meeting, pursued the fugitives into the forest and ruthlessly killed men and women alike. People were dragged from their hiding-places in houses, and disfigured by savage blows in the face.

At Lodz the workmen who have previously been cowed by the troops were so incensed yesterday by the events of the previous day, when twenty-two persons taking part in a demonstration against the authorities were killed, that they shot at and killed one Cossack and two policemen.

Transcaucasia also, where 37,000 insurgents are in arms, has been the scene of terrible atrocities, and the Armenian inhabitants have suffered complete ruin. At Djargrak, in the province of Erivan, a Reuter message says, St. Petersburg states, women were maltreated before the eyes of their husbands and sons, while thirty-seven men were beheaded in the presence of their wives and children.

OCCUPATION OF KONG CHEN CONFIRMED.

TOKIO, Wednesday.—It is officially announced that part of the Japanese forces in Northern Korea completely occupied Kong Chen at eleven o'clock yesterday forenoon. A force of several thousand Russians was encountered, and retreated northwards.—Central News.

Kong Chen lies about fifty miles south of the mouth of the Tumen River.

ARMY FOR TIMES OF PEACE.

Lord Kitchener's Caustic Comment on Indian
Military Administration.

The inner history of the dispute between the Government of India and Lord Kitchener over the latter's proposed Army reforms is dealt with in a comprehensive Blue-book issued last night by the India Office.

The correspondence which it contains shows that the Government of India reported to the Secretary of State against Lord Kitchener's scheme of reorganisation, but in the end the Imperial Government, over-riding the opinion of the Indian Government, pronounced in favour of the Commander-in-Chief upon all the subjects which he appeared to consider essential.

Lord Kitchener speaks in very plain terms of the state of affairs which he found prevailing when he took over the position of Commander-in-Chief in India. "I feel," he writes, "that it is my imperative duty to state my conviction that the present system is faulty, inefficient, and incapable of the expansion necessary for a great war in which the armed might of the Empire would be engaged in a life and death struggle."

"Indian military administration has, in fact, been framed mainly to meet peace requirements, and the consideration that an army exists for war has been quite overlooked," he adds caustically.

FRANCE'S DILEMMA.

M. Rouvier Forced to Choose Between Offending
England or Germany.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—I learn on good authority that the protocol of the Anglo-French agreement come to between M. Delcassé and Lord Lansdowne has arrived at the French Foreign Office for ratification. This has placed the French Government in a most embarrassing position. The Government must either sign the agreement and offend Germany, or not sign it and offend England.

On a question of form M. Rouvier may delay affixing the signature, and Germany, not having assented to the Anglo-French agreement, is using her utmost influence to prevent the ratification of the protocol by France.

There is not the slightest doubt; however, that it will be signed.

SIR THOMAS DEWAR TO RETIRE

Sir Thomas Dewar has decided to retire from Parliament.

Seen last night by the *Daily Mirror*, he explained that business calls had made this step imperative, and at the forthcoming general election he would retire in favour of another candidate.

EXPRESS WRECKED.

Overturned While Running at 70 Miles
an Hour—Twenty Killed.

The danger of travelling at high speed has been terribly emphasised by a disaster which befell what is known as the Twentieth Century Limited train—the name given to the new eighteen-hour Chicago-New York express on the Lake Shore Railroad, yesterday, while it was making its fourth eastward journey.

The train, which was running at seventy miles an hour, struck (according to Reuter) an open switch at Mentor (Ohio). Twenty persons were killed and twenty injured.

The tender was thrown completely over the locomotive, and a heavy sleeping car was buried in the wrecked station. The train was set on fire from the engine and partly consumed, many of the victims being incinerated.

The accident is attributed by the railway officials to malicious mischief.

Among the killed is Mr. A. A. P. Head, of London.

Another victim (says the Exchange) is Mr. John Bennett, one of the best-known patent lawyers in the States.

The train safely passed the switch where the accident occurred forty-five minutes earlier. The switch was then deliberately opened and locked in that position, entailing certain destruction on the next train which passed. Terrible scenes were witnessed, and many of the sufferers beseeched the rescuers to put them out of their misery.

18-HOUR EXPRESSES ABANDONED.

NEW YORK, Thursday.—The new eighteen-hour time-table for the New York Central and Lake Shore Railroad expresses between Chicago and New York is to be abandoned, the expresses immediately resuming their old time of twenty hours for the journey.—Reuter.

THE LONDON VICTIM.

Mr. Head was a gentleman well known in commercial circles, and was travelling in America on business.

His relations, who live at 35, Bassett-road, North Kensington, stated yesterday to the *Daily Mirror* that Mr. Head was hurrying home.

RIOTOUS RAND COOLIES.

Causes of the Serious Disturbance at the
Croesus Mine.

Two reasons are assigned by Mr. Stewart, recently compound manager at the Croesus Mine, for the coolie riot on the 7th inst.

In giving evidence at the inquest on the dead miner, says Reuter, Mr. Stewart said the outbreak was caused by the maltreatment of the Chinese by white miners. Another reason was that the coolies were not paid their wages on the day they were due.

Mr. Stewart further deposed that not a single white man gave him any assistance in quelling the disturbance.

The number of whites employed in the gold mines on May 31 was 16,676, showing an increase of 441 on the number employed on April 30 and of 3,549 on the number employed at the corresponding date last year.

BLUEBEARD'S FATE

Hangs in the Balance for Another Week While
Pardon Board Considers Appeal.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

CHICAGO, Thursday.—The American polygamist criminal Hoch—popularly called Bluebeard—who was to have paid the final penalty of his crimes to-morrow, has been reprieved for a week.

At the last moment his lawyers have succeeded in getting an appeal before the Pardon Board of Illinois, and to-day they expressed the hope that it might be successful.

Relations of Hoch's thirteen murdered wives all over the country are keenly waiting for the news that this extraordinary criminal has gone to his account.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The crisis in Crete continues, and French troops have arrived at Platania to await orders.

The latest development of the Bowen-Loomis scandal in America is that Mr. Bowen has printed a statement accusing President Roosevelt of treating him unjustly.

Dr. Knott, of Lee, and Mr. Cook, of Enfield, who made a balloon ascent from the Crystal Palace yesterday, found the sun so hot at an altitude of 9,000ft. that they were painfully scorched.

The Chinese Viceroy at Tientsin has prohibited further meetings of students there regarding the boycott of American manufacturers, which is "interference with the affairs of the Government" he keenly resents.

BRILLIANT CUP DAY AT ASCOT.

Sunshine Brings Out All the New
Fashions.

THE KING'S WHITE HAT.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Delightful weather favoured Gold Cup Day, ladies' day, the sun shining with almost tropical ardour, fortunately tempered by a light breeze. Never in the long history of Royal Ascot has a more brilliant assemblage welcomed the King and Queen to the famed heath.

Their Majesties arrived before one o'clock. In the first carriage, drawn by four bays, with outriders and postillions in Ascot livery, were the King and Queen and Prince of Wales, equerries attending on horseback. They followed in a stately cavalcade reaching far down the emerald stretch known as the New Mile, the royal guests who are entertained for the week at Windsor.

The long line of enclosures, with their balconies and terraces, were thronged with society folk, to whom Cup day is the greatest fête of the fashionable year, and as the National Anthem was heard from the Royal Artillery band the men uncovered, and there arose a great, popular greeting from the crowds.

THE QUEEN WATCHES THE RACING.

The sun beat down with great force, glorifying the beauty of the scene, and enriching the superb costumes, but among some men regret that silk hats are a rigid order on such occasions. The King wore a tall white hat, and doubtless many would have liked to copy the example. Her Majesty, attired in pale grey-blue, and a heliotope toque, saw the first race from the balcony of the royal pavilion.

Although the sun was shining fiercely as the royal procession passed down the Long Walk from the Castle to Ascot, the Queen and Princess Victoria lowered their sunshades, so as not to obscure the view of the spectators. The other ladies in the procession had their sunshades up. It was another instance of the Queen's thoughtfulness for the people, as the carriages were open and the noonday sun poured down upon them.

As it happened, the sport held no particular charm for any in the earlier part of the programme, as they were veritable one-horse races. So most people adjourned to the lawn or to the paddock.

There was a wealth of colour among the fair promenaders, albeit quiet tones in white, and every conceivable shade of mauve and heliotope prevailed. Some of the richest toilettes were in chiffon and lace, and flowered gossamer gowns, with occasional daring frocks in brilliant hues of rose and pink.

FAIR GALIC VISITORS.

Many French ladies were present, and with them soft colours and regular coats of priceless lace were the mode. Ruffs and feathered bows were the vogue, and their airiness had a soothing charm to the onlooker.

France was strongly represented in the race for the Gold Cup, but it was not fated that M. de Bremond's Maximum II. should repeat his great victory of a few years since. The King's colours were carried by Chatsworth, but that horse is not a worthy successor of Persimmon, and, indeed, there was little chance, according to the gambling division, for any candidate to successfully tackle Lord Howard de Walden's beautiful chestnut Zinfandel.

Throwaway by a fluke beat him in the Cup last year, and now Throwaway, looking in perfect fettle, again threw down the gauntlet.

The five competitors paraded before the stands, and the vivacity of our Gallic visitors found expression in cheering Maximum II. and Marsan, but that greeting was excelled in the popular salute to Chatsworth.

RACE FOR THE GOLD CUP.

The contest from a speculative point of view was of moderate interest. Long odds were laid on Zinfandel, and at no point in the race was there ground for apprehension by his backers. Marsan led the field for fully a mile from Throwaway and Chatsworth, the two best stayers, Maximum II. and Zinfandel, waiting behind till the troop reached the Swinley Bottom, where Lord Howard de Walden's horse went up second, and reappearing from behind the Bushes took command from Marsan.

The race seemed virtually over as Zinfandel came into the straight and ultimately won easily, amid great cheering, while the French candidate, Maximum II., beat Throwaway for second place. So easily did the victor score that Cannon was able to pull him up fifty yards beyond the winning-post.

Lord Howard de Walden, wreathed in smiles, was felicitated on gaining the great trophy, and thus amends were made for the ill-fortune which attended Zinfandel twelve months ago.

There have been occasions when the great Ascot prizes have been won without the semblance of strenuous competition, but I do not remember in recent years a more one-sided series than we saw yesterday. Captain Frank Forester's Hackler's

(Continued on page 14.)

ARRIVAL OF THE HEAT WAVE.

Great Britain Basks In a Flood of
Glorious Sunshine.

HOLIDAYS BEGIN.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Light, variable breeze; fine, sunny, and very warm. Lighting-up time, 9.19 a.m. Sea passages will be smooth, with haze or fog.

All over the kingdom the sun shone gloriously yesterday, but except in London and the Thames valley the heat was not excessive.

At Harwich it was 73deg. in the shade, at South-end 72deg.

Along the South Coast shade temperatures of 68deg. and 69deg. were recorded, but on the East Coast nothing higher than 66deg. in the shade was reported.

Plymouth was the only seaside town that was unable to report "Fine; sea smooth."

Daily Mirror correspondents all round the coast tell of the first great rush of what bids fair to be a record holiday season.

Open-air entertainments are in full swing. The holiday season of 1905 has commenced—the lodging houses are "booked" for weeks ahead. The railway stations to-day will be full of luggage.

It is not too hot at the seaside this month, but London yesterday had a trying foretaste of the torturing heat of summer. And Londoners, with one accord, flew to ice as the one palliative.

Ice for the Million.

It was pleasant to watch the ice porters at Billingsgate Market yesterday.

In Eastcheap, hard by, it was 81deg. in the shade; but between the market and St. Mary-at-Hill walked a constant procession of gamily-dressed men carrying on their heads shallow wicker baskets of ice, from which trickled cooling streams.

St. Mary-at-Hill is the centre of London's ice traffic, and all around could be heard the cool scrunching of the great blocks down to small fragments ready for selling.

Here came the first of "natural" lemonade for pennynorths of ice, without display of what they would look in vain for the patronage of the fastidious street urchin.

There are not wanting skilled observers who trace the great improvement in Billingsgate manners and language to the growth of the ice trade during recent years.

There are at the present moment no fewer than 230,000 tons of ice stored up in London. Equally distributed, this huge quantity would make about a half hundredweight for every man, woman, and child in the country.

English beer suffered a severe slump. Lager and cyder with chunks of ice took its place.

Swimming baths were crowded. Towards the evening there was so great a demand for tickets that many would-be bathers had to be turned away.

Mirage in Green Park.

While the heat in the City was very great, the thermometer going up to 81deg. in the shade and 120deg. in the sun, the maximum shade temperature in the parks was 76deg.

In the Green Park at two o'clock one could see the heat's shimmering mirage over the edge of the grass.

Only inveterate smokers were faithful to the pipe yesterday, and the Daily Mirror was informed by a leading tobacco manufacturer that there is a general slump in the trade while the hot weather lasts. The cigarette trade does not appear to suffer, however.

Everybody who could had ices yesterday, from the boys who bought barpoons of ice-cream and pennyworths of hockey-poke in the streets to the epicures who paid 2s. and 2s. 6d. for an iced at the Carlton or Claridge's.

A delightful dish that found great favour yesterday was strawberries and frozen cream, 2s.

Chemists' shops were besieged by customers who wanted treatment at the American soda fountains. To the American bars in West End hotels came perspiring gentlemen with requests for "The longest, coldest drink you have."

PERSISTENT MOTORIST.

It was urged against Thomas Henry Jones, of 52, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, London, who was fined £10 and costs at Romsey yesterday for excessive speed on a motor-car, that he greatly aggravated the offence.

It was stated that he drove up and down the measured furlong in regard to which he was timed, for one and a quarter hours, and thus impeded the police.

Though only partially dressed, Sergeant Bailey, of Croydon, pursued on his bicycle and arrested two men whom he suspected of robbing his house. His prisoners were remanded yesterday at the police-court.

CAVERN MYSTERY.

Little Boy Disappears Among the Precipitous Cliffs of Holyhead Island.

The inhabitants of Holyhead Island are vainly striving to solve the mystery of the whereabouts of John Williams, the eleven-year-old son of a Penrhosfawr farmer.

It was about seven o'clock on Monday evening that the little fellow left his home, taking a bag with him, for the purpose of gathering firewood from wreckage which is constantly thrown up on the seashore.

The boy has not been seen since. All night long his distressed family and their friends searched the rugged and precipitous cliffs. Their task was a difficult and perilous one, for the fissured coast is honeycombed with dark caverns, the mysteries of which are unknown to living man.

As dawn broke the boy's bag was found at the top of a high cliff. It contained some wood.

At the base of the cliff is a cave of huge dimensions. Branching off from it is the entrance to another unexplored cavern so narrow that only a child could crawl through. It is possible that, in the spirit of adventure, little John Williams struggled through into this cavity? That is the question that is exercising the islanders, who last night were still pursuing their anxious search.

LORD ST. LEVAN'S DAUGHTER.

Announcement of Her Marriage to a Frenchman in February Last.

In the "Morning Post" of Tuesday and the "Times" and "Daily Mail" of yesterday, the marriage was announced of M. Ernest Mallet, of Paris, to the Hon. Mabel Georgiana St. Aubyn, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady St. Levan. The wedding took place at St. Mark's, North Audley-street, on February 7 last, which shows that marriages are not always announced in haste. One who was present described the marriage as a quiet one. Three persons formed the congregation, and the ceremony was performed by the Vicar, the Rev. R. H. Hadden.

CRUISER YACHT RACE.

Goodly Turn Out of Contestants on the Way Round from Cowes to the Clyde.

The Royal London Yacht Club yesterday inaugurated a cruiser race from Cowes to Clyde.

The entrants were Valdora, White Heather, Brynhild, Merry Maid, Adela, and Norlanda.

The club is offering three cups of a hundred, forty, and twenty guineas respectively. The yachts left at 2.30.

The sea was almost a dead calm, and a light wind was blowing.

At the start the Brynhild gained the place of honour, and was followed in order by White Heather, Merry Maid, Norlanda, Valdora, and Adela.

CONTRAST IN SLANG.

Quaint Specimens by a London East End Clothier and President Roosevelt's Son.

Slang differs on this and the other side of the Atlantic. Here is an extract from the window of an East End clothing shop:—

"A slap-up togs and kickleses builder, with upper Benjamins snipped on a downy plan, and fancy vests made to fit tight round the scrag."

The next sample is culled from a letter written by a son of President Roosevelt:—

"I snapped papa all right at the inauguration. He thought I should be too rattled. When the time came for him to make his spiel I got ready, and I got him as dead as anything."

"PARSONS' PARADISE."

According to advices received by the last Australian mail, the Bishop of Tasmania (Dr. Mercer), speaking at the Anglican Synod, said the Commonwealth might well be designated a "Parsons' Paradise."

Referring to a request for an increase of a deacon's stipend from £150 to £200 a year, Dr. Mercer remarked he had served in the Church of England for nine or ten years and had to pay rent and keep a wife on £150 a year.

MISTAKEN FOR A LUNATIC.

Much amusement has been caused in Leicester by the adventure of a well-known tradesman who happens to resemble a dangerous lunatic, for whose arrest a warrant had been issued.

Two detectives suddenly seized him in the street, and it was only by the intervention of a lady who knew him that he obtained release. Subsequently he reported to the police that two men had attempted to rob him!

PRINCE EDDY'S BIRTHDAY.

Bright Day of Festival for Our Little
Future King.

ROYAL CRICKET MATCH.

To-day is the eleventh birthday of Prince Albert Edward Christian George Andrew Patrick David, eldest son of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

As is only becoming for one who will one day ascend the throne of Great Britain, the little Prince will wake this morning to birthday greetings amid the historic beauties of royal Windsor, and his first glance will be at those broad timbered lands that will at some future date be his own.

But despite his high and regal future, his birthday will be very human. His little brothers and sisters all have presents waiting for him, which he will welcome with the same ecstasy as other little boys. His parents will be to him, not "the Prince and Princess of Wales," but his own dear father and mother, loaded with gifts and loving greetings.

The King and Queen, throwing aside the formalities of State, will be grandpapa and grandmama, and the whole nation will join in the general chorus of congratulation, not because he is a Prince and our future King, but because he is a charming little boy who, in the fierce light that beats on royalty, has won his way to their hearts by his frank and pretty ways.

To-day's Cricket Match.

Of course, the great event will be to-day's cricket match, the first that Prince Eddy and his brother have taken part in.

For this the young Princes have been practising incessantly, and the teams will consist of young Eton boys.

The two teams will be the young Prince's guests, and they will be entertained to tea, and will altogether have a good time.

The Besses of the Barn Band will add pleasure to the interesting event, and his play near the pavilion. The names of the two teams are not yet available.

There will be a goodly gathering present, and in addition to the King, Queen, the Prince of Wales, and Princess Victoria, many of their Majesties' guests at the Castle and members of the royal household will be present.

The match will start at three o'clock and finish about six o'clock.

PARK ROYAL.

King's Keen Interest in the Forthcoming
Agricultural Show.

With the active sympathy and personal interest of the King it is hoped that this year the crisis in the affairs of the Royal Agricultural Society may be successfully tidied over.

His Majesty, as Sir Jacob Wilson, the honorary director, stated to the Daily Mirror at the Press view of the show grounds at Park Royal yesterday, is doing his utmost to promote the interests of the show this year.

On the opening day, next Tuesday, the Prince of Wales will be present at Park Royal, and on Wednesday his Majesty will visit the show.

This year the total number of entries of cattle is 2,113, and 3,845—a serious decline—in the agricultural implement class. The amount of money to be given in prizes approximates £8,000.

JURORS' HARDSHIPS.

Judge Says Sheriff Should Prevent the Citizen's
Duty Becoming Intolerable.

Mr. Justice Darling, yesterday, in the King's Bench, expressed his sympathy with the complaint of several ratepayers, who said they had been summoned to serve as jurors in the Law Courts more frequently than the law required.

An officer representing the Sheriff of London explained that the matter arose out of the reorganisation of the borough councils. These particular gentlemen were summoned for the borough of St. Mary's, Newington, and again for the borough of Southwark.

His Lordship: It is the duty of the Sheriff's officer and of the Sheriff to see that the summoning is not made intolerable.

DIVORCE FOR £100.

Having deserted his wife and married another woman, William Bass Thompson, a cotton merchant, wrote from Australia that if his wife would place £100 to his credit he would sign papers which might procure her a divorce, adding, "This is not more than a fair equivalent for the wedding presents given by relatives to myself."

Mrs. Thompson, ignoring, of course, this offer, yesterday petitioned for and obtained a decree nisi in the Divorce Court.

HOW TO MAKE TEA.

Economical Method Which Would Save
the Nation £3,500,000 a Year.

The nation might save £3,500,000 annually by making its tea and coffee properly, writes Mr. Oswald Crawford, C.M.G., to yesterday's "Times."

Mr. Crawford claims that tea has never been properly made in this country. He recalls the legend of its earliest use, boiled and served with salt and butter, as a sort of spinach.

Now, continues Mr. Crawford, it is made into a kind of sweet soup, with sugar and cream.

The correct way of making tea is to extract as much of the theine from the leaf as possible, and as little of the astringent matter. This presents a difficult problem, for when boiling water is poured on tea-leaves it becomes tinged with astringent matter long before the whole of the theine is extracted.

The solution of the problem came to Mr. Crawford when he was travelling in Portugal. He remembered having read in the travels of Abbé Hue that the Chinese, when they wished to economise the use of the more expensive teas, powdered the leaves.

By this means the theine is made more accessible. Mr. Crawford invented a special teapot, which allowed the water, after infusing the powdered leaves, to pass into the well of the pot, leaving the leaves high and dry.

He found, to his satisfaction, that three-quarters of a pound of tea so treated would go as far as a pound infused in the ordinary way.

WHERE SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

Mr. Tree and Mr. Alexander Despair of
Making Some Playgoers Stop Talking.

Except for the actors the theatre is, of course, not a place for talking. Yet complaint is frequently made that some playgoers persistently talk during the performance to the annoyance of more attentive neighbours.

In reply to a correspondent Mr. Beerbohm Tree writes that it is impossible to instil good taste into certain members of the public, and Mr. George Alexander admits that it is a matter of extreme difficulty to discipline an audience.

NON-VANISHING LADY.

Superfluous Nail for Once Spoils Mr. Horace
Goldin's Dearest Illusion.

Mr. Horace Goldin, the illusionist, had a new experience at the Coliseum yesterday. For the first time since he has been before the public his vanishing lady refused to vanish at the proper time.

The failure occurred just before the moment when, had the performance proceeded as usual, Mr. Goldin would have fired a pistol at the spot where the lady had been standing.

Such a thing had never happened before, said Mr. Goldin afterwards, but all the explanation he would vouchsafe was that a nail had been driven too far through the wood on which the lady stood.

INK IMP.

More Ladies' Dresses Mysteriously Stained in
Bond-street.

There is further evidence that the person who spoils ladies' dresses by squirting ink over them has for at least a month been busy in the neighbourhood of Bond-street.

In yesterday's Daily Mirror the woes of five ladies whose new summer dresses had been ruined by this mysterious being were told. Since then two other cases have come to light. The police think it possible that the mischief may be done from a window, and as all the victims seemed to have passed the same house this is at least possible.

Strangely enough in Berlin and Paris a similar series of outrages took place some time ago.

THEATRE EXIT ON WHEELS.

A German inventor, named Maushardt, has just devised a remarkable scheme for emptying a theatre in case of fire.

He has designed a building which allows for the removal of the pit with the boxes attached to it, as well as the partition walls, into the street on rollers to run over a track of rails.

ETON BOY'S DEATH FROM TYPHOID

It has been definitely ascertained that Mr. H. R. Merton, who recently died of typhoid, did not contract the complaint at Eton. He became affected at a Great Malvern sanatorium, where he stayed at Easter time. Nine or ten of the other visitors also contracted the disease.

OFFICER BETRAYS HIS COLONEL.

Lieutenant's Callous Desertion of
a Compromised Woman.

£3,000 DAMAGES.

"I am an awful brute, I know."

"Forget that a rotter like me ever existed."

The Divorce Court is familiar with phrases like these written by a repentant husband to a wronged wife, but the above words, quoted in court yesterday, were from a wife to a husband.

They were written by Mrs. Muriel Frances Sumner, wife of Colonel Charles Sumner, who is now in command of the 2nd Battalion of the South Lancashire Regiment.

The man who was the cause of the words being written was an officer in the same regiment, at that time a subaltern, Lieutenant Edward C. Fane. He was co-respondent in the suit that Colonel Sumner yesterday brought seeking release from his wife.

"He betrayed his friend, and he betrayed this woman," was the comment of Mr. Priestley, K.C., on the lieutenant's conduct as he opened the case.

Old Friend's Son.

"Colonel Sumner was kind and hospitable to Lieutenant Fane," said Mr. Priestley, "because the Lieutenant was the son of a very old friend."

When the Colonel brought his wife and their child home to England in 1903 they settled down at Shorncliffe. He was very much in love with his wife, although sometimes he noticed something strange in her manner towards him.

But he trusted her implicitly, so he told the Court himself, and when Lieutenant Fane rejoined the regiment in 1904 he renewed his hospitality to the young officer.

Once Colonel Sumner was away for five days. He then received a letter from his wife telling him that a soldier had broken into the house, and that Lieutenant Fane had kindly volunteered to take up his quarters there as a protection. Such was the Colonel's confidence in both that he thought no ill, and made no objection.

He was undressed on August, 1904. He was away at the manoeuvres on Salisbury Plain, and got two letters, written within a few hours of one another. One letter was an every-day letter from a wife to a husband; the other was an announcement that she had left him for ever.

She had been staying in Wales, and was about to pay a visit to her friend Mrs. Clerk before her return to Shorncliffe. She first wrote to her husband, who was in camp on Salisbury Plain, as follows:—

Inquiries for Mr. Fane.

Dear Old Boy,—Thank you so much for the cheque for £5. I am sending it back to you to keep for me. I am afraid you will not get this letter until Tuesday. I will write again to you. Is Mr. Fane in camp all right? I have not heard why he did not turn up at Bath. I hope he is not ill.

When Mrs. Sumner wrote this letter, said Mr. Priestley, she knew that Mr. Fane was in London. Together they went to Normandy.

To her husband she wrote a second letter following close on the first:—

Charles,—By the time you get this I shall have gone right out of your life.

I cannot stick it, old boy. I am an awful brute, I know. Forgive me for having deceived you for the last few days. You must live for the small boy. You must forget that a rotter like me ever existed.

For the last time,—Toots.

Thus ended the betrayal of the husband. The betrayal of the wife followed.

Mrs. Sumner lived with Lieutenant Fane in a cottage in Normandy. She wrote, "I could never give up Mr. Fane, who has left his regiment for my sake. That you will forget me and learn to be happy without me is my great wish."

But within a few months the protection of the lieutenant was no longer hers. It appeared that he was a married man.

Then, betrayed in her turn, she asked to be allowed to return to her husband.

Even at this time, said Mr. Priestley, he would have been willing to take her back, but she made an impossible request. She asked him to adopt the child that was about to be born to her. The Colonel had no alternative but to seek a divorce.

£3,000 damages was the sum that the jury directed the co-respondent to pay. Before a decree nisi was pronounced Mr. Priestley said that the damages would be devoted to making some provision for Mrs. Sumner.

HOW MEASLES IS SPREAD.

A striking instance of how contagious diseases are spread is given in the Kensington inspector's report to the Street Noises Abatement Committee.

Questioning a small boy who was accompanying an organ-grinder as to why he was not at school he had replied, "Please, sir, I cannot go because I've got the measles." This proved to be true.

EMBANKMENT TRAMWAY.

City Corporation Agree to the L.C.C.
Across-River Scheme.

The running of tramcars across Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges, and along the Thames Embankment, is now within measurable distance. There will then be London County Council steamers below, and London County Council tramcars above.

By a majority of forty the Court of Common Council yesterday passed a resolution in favour of the scheme.

A strong speech in its support was made by Alderman Sir Faudel Phillips.

Referring to the conference between the Corporation Committee and a deputation of the Council, the Alderman said he thought the words which Mr. John Burns used on that occasion, "We are near enough to be neighbours; we are decent enough to be friends," happily expressed the relations which ought to exist between the two bodies.

They now had an opportunity, said the ex-Lord Mayor, of doing a graceful act to help a powerful body, and he felt that in giving his consent to the bringing of the tramways over the bridge they would be doing their part towards meeting a great public want.

Mr. H. D. Kimber moved an amendment setting out that before the Court committed itself to any particular scheme for bringing tramways across the Thames, it should be asked the opportunity of considering all details involved.

Mr. Morton said it would cost £200,000 to widen the bridge twenty feet. Every day one and a quarter million of people came into the City.

They wanted to bring more people into the City to do still more business and to spend more money.

CLERICAL DISMISSAL.

People of St. Cuthbert's Bitterly Lament the
Loss of the Rev. Richard Free.

The parishioners of St. Cuthbert's, Millwall, are loud in their wail against the summary dismissal of the Rev. Richard Free, whose notice from the vicar will expire in a fortnight.

Mr. Free told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday part of the secret of his success.

"What the people here like is the Church of England service with a short, bright extempore sermon."

"Work must be done with the individual. People are not to be taught in a mass, but separately."

"We shall be like sheep without a shepherd," said one woman, her lip quivering. "It's the most cruel, heartless thing I ever heard."

VEGETARIANS ATTACKED.

Plain Speaking and Sensible Advice—Be
Simple and Practical.

Some home truths were forcibly impressed upon the International Congress of the Vegetarian Federal Union, yesterday, by a Mr. Albert Broadbent, himself a vegetarian, but by no means a crank.

This gentleman frankly admitted that vegetarians were too neurotic and too highly strung, largely because of improper feeding.

He mentioned a lady who tried "to get on the astral plane quickly" by adopting a diet of spring water and pop-corn.

As food reformers they should, the speaker urged, be practising and reading everything and anything under the sun about diet. They ought to find and adopt something simple and practical and then shut up all the books about health and diet.

DARING STRAND ROBBERY.

Jewels and Silver Stolen Outside the Hotel
Cecil in Broad Daylight.

A daring robbery of jewels and silver-ware from the Hotel Cecil was reported to the police yesterday, the victims being Messrs. Percy Edwards and Co., of Piccadilly.

The firm have a somewhat large show-case in the lobby of the hotel, immediately opposite the entrance door.

A representative of the firm called to change some of the exhibits, and placed his bag containing a considerable number of somewhat valuable articles near the case.

His attention for a moment was centred upon other matters, and when next he looked for his property it had disappeared.

PORK-PIE PERIL.

Two fatalities—one said to be due to eating sausages and the other from eating a pork-pie—were investigated by the Huddersfield coroner yesterday.

During the inquests it was stated that twenty-four cases of illness arising from eating pork-pies had been reported in the district.

CIGARS FOR WOMEN.

Lady Smokers No Longer Satisfied
with Cigarettes.

HABIT ON THE INCREASE.

Mrs. Leigh Hunt Wallace, who has been lecturing at the International Congress of Women Vegetarians, has denounced many things, but none more emphatically than the growing craze for tobacco-smoking among women.

When the fashion of smoking first came into vogue, a tiny cigarette in the privacy of the boudoir was all that was permissible. The first women smokers smoked secretly and ashamedly.

Since then it has grown from every now and then a cigarette to many cigarettes a day, in all sorts of places. Nor has it stopped at cigarettes, for lately many have taken to cigar-smoking.

Delectable little cigars, rather larger in size than a cigarette, and made specially for women, have a large sale.

Mr. Louis Coen, of Piccadilly, the King's cigarette maker, told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that he sold an enormous number of these little cigars to women. They are made of Havannah tobacco, manufactured in England, and are called "Cubans." They cost 3d. apiece, or a sovereign a hundred.

"Many women smoke these cigars," he said. "I have about a hundred regular customers on my books, many of them titled ladies and leaders of society, who are regularly supplied with cigars."

This is, of course, exclusive of those sold over the counter to chance purchasers. "Some idea of the amount of cigar-smoking among women may be gathered from the fact that as many as three boxes of cigars, each containing a hundred, have been sold in a month to one lady, in addition to nearly a thousand cigarettes."

In some of the ladies' clubs it is as difficult to get a chair in the smoking-room as a table in a tea-shop on a matinee day.

BROTHERS IN MARTYRDOM.

One Passive Resister Sympathetically Commits
Another to Prison.

At the Bermondsey Town Hall, Dr. Alfred Salter, a member of the Bermondsey Borough Council, was sentenced for the fourth time to two days' imprisonment for non-payment of the education rate.

A novel feature of the proceedings was that the chairman who passed sentence was Mr. Barrow, J.P., a passive resister who has suffered at the hands of his brother J.P.s at Croydon for conscience' sake.

Dr. Salter: I am quite prepared to submit to the order of the Court.

Mr. Barrow: But after all doctor, I do not know that I am particularly sorry for you, because certainly you are responding to a very good conscience.

GARGANTUAN THIRST.

Enormous Consumption of a Scotsman Who
Delighted in Reading Sermons.

Lord McLaren and a jury heard evidence in a case at Edinburgh yesterday, where it is sought to "reduce" the will of the late John Stewart, solicitor, Perth.

He left about £12,000, and the reason for seeking reduction was that Mr. Stewart drank to excess, and his mind was affected. In the course of the evidence for plaintiffs' case a statement was made that between July and December, 1903, the deceased was supplied with 216 bottles of whisky, twenty-three bottles of port, twenty-four of brandy, and seven of sherry, which worked out at 16 2/3 glasses, or 8oz. of alcohol every day.

One of the medical witnesses stated that two-thirds of a bottle of whisky every day for four or five years would kill any ordinary man.

One witness stated Mr. Stewart took a great delight in reading Spurgeon's sermons.

BETTING MAN'S FRAUDS.

Twelve months' hard labour was inflicted at the Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday on Thomas Fisher for having conspired with a man known as Punch Stevier to obtain money by false pretences in regard to betting.

Stevier has absconded, and is believed to have left the country, so that his sureties were estreated.

TERRIFYING A CLIENT.

For sending a false telegram to Mr. Septimus Ford, of Bolton, who had borrowed money on a promissory note, with the object of terrifying him into making a payment before the instalment was due, Samuel Cohen, a moneylender, was ordered at the Preston Sheriff's Court yesterday to pay £75 damages.

"Your bill of sale to-day's paper. Wire £5 immediately. Write Saturday, then bankruptcy," was the telegram sent by Cohen.

FLEEING A FOREIGNER.

Curzon-street Lady's Maid Charged
with Astonishing Duplicity.

An extraordinary story of alleged deceit and cruel fraud was told in the South-Western Police Court yesterday. Before getting married recently, Mary Hilda Day, of 74, Honeywell-road, Clapham, was lady's-maid in Curzon-street.

She had for a fellow servant a Belgian woman, Marie de Schryner, to whom she told the tale that a doctor had fallen in love with her.

Miss de Schryner took apartments to meet him, but the doctor never came. The doctor, in fact, was a myth.

Next Miss Day persuaded her confiding fellow servant to let her have some gold rings, a watch, and a coral necklace, as she was going to a dance and wished to look nice.

Soon after this the Belgian girl was accused to learn from Miss Day that they both were accused of stealing their mistress's jewels—a pure invention.

To avoid arrest the frightened Miss de Schryner obtained money advances on a house at Putney, which she had purchased for £400 out of her life-long savings. The money was to make good the value of the missing property.

Returning to London after a holiday, she was told by Miss Day that the detectives were still watching for her, and if she went near the bank she would be arrested. She was then persuaded to give Miss Day to cash an open cheque for £190.

The prisoner was remanded on a charge of converting the £190 to her own uses.

HUNTING A MAD BULL.

Tosses a Reigate Farmer and Sticks in the Mud
After Sixteen Shots Are Fired.

In its sanest mood a bull is never an animal to play with. But when the bovine monarch goes mad, as has happened at Reigate, his society becomes a positive menace.

After tossing Mr. Boxall, a farmer, of Buckland, who was rescued with difficulty, the Reigate mad bull was chased by armed hunters for an hour across the heath.

Sixteen shots in all were fired, and the beast dashed into some boggy pasture-land, where he stuck.

Then Mr. Wickens, a horse-slaughterer by profession, came and gave the bull his quietus.

CHILD HOUSEBREAKERS.

Syndicate of Eight Boys and Girls Under Ten
Appears in the Dock.

Precocity in housebreaking was the feature yesterday in the Willesden and Stratford Police Courts.

Five boys and three girls, whose ages ranged from eight to ten, appeared at the former place. Forming themselves into a daring syndicate, they broke into a house at Brossedbury and helped themselves to rings, clothes, and other articles.

The magistrates bound the girls over. For the boys they ordered four strokes of the birch.

The Stratford case concerned John Walking, a ten-year-old scholar, who was found by a policeman at a bag containing tins of condensed milk and sweets, which he admitted taking from a Gosport-road grocer's shop, into which he had broken.

OLD-FASHIONED HORSES.

Obeys the Tramcar Bell of Yore, but Unused
Yet to the Electric Gong.

On the outskirts of London, in the early hours of the morning, it is no unusual thing to see a carter asleep in his cart, while his intelligent horse takes him to market.

The practice has been found very troublesome to electric tramcars coming on behind.

At West Ham Police Court yesterday two carters were fined for obstructing tramcars, and one of them, William Brett, of Chadwell Heath, said that country horses had not yet got used to the new gongs, though they would have got out of the way instantly at the sound of the old horse-tramcar bells.

Latest News - -
from Everywhere

— IN THE —

"WEEKLY
DISPATCH."

EVERY SUNDAY
ONE PENNY ::

AUSTRALIANS AT LEYTON.

Sensational Batting and Bowling—
County Ground Not Recovered
from Recent Rains.

CENTURY BY GOATLY.

By F. B. WILSON
(Last Year's Cambridge Captain).

Yesterday's cricket proves conclusively that most of the county grounds have not yet recovered from the recent rain, for only two sides out of six got over 200 in the first innings. These two were Sussex and Surrey, and the latter, from their start, looked like going down for a comparatively small score.

Goatly and Holland were the pair that raised the total from mediocrity to strength, and both played well. Goatly has been on the fringe of first-class cricket for years, and has been tried occasionally for the county. No doubt he would have been in the Surrey eleven a year or two ago had Surrey been able to adopt the policy which Lord Hawke uses with such effect with his young players. Goatly went right through with his innings, and was not out when the tenth wicket fell, for a magnificent 147. This, following his 170 odd a week or so ago for Surrey Club and Ground v. Wanderers, when he won the match with Hon. S. R. Beresford (90) against time, shows that Goatly must be a very fine player indeed.

When Derby went in some extraordinary batting and bowling were seen. As far as could be judged, the wicket was quite easy; at least, Goatly and Holland made it appear so. Yet Derby lost five wickets for 28, and it will take them all their time now to save the game.

What really very comic business it would be if Essex were to gain their second victory at the expense of the Australians. The wicket was supposed to be good and fast yesterday at Leyton, but this, considering the day's play, can hardly have been true.

BALL BEATS THE BAT.

Essex, dead out of luck, fired for 118 is possible; but the Australians put to bed for 100—surely, surely! Laver bowled extremely well for the "Strugglers," his flight, as usual, being very difficult to follow. Buckingham and Tremblin bowled unchanged for Essex, and may congratulate themselves on a very fine performance.

Kent went down badly in the first innings against Middlesex, Bosanquet bluffing them out with that extraordinary mixture of good and bad which keeps a batsman wondering, rudely speaking, whether he has to do with a miracle or a mountebank. Hutchings hit well, but the best innings of the side was played by W. P. Harrison, the Cantab who has more than once done well for Cambridge this year. Harrison has a lot of shots, and plays especially well to leg. Were he a little stronger he would probably have already annexed a Blue this year.

Middlesex passed the Kent total with five wickets in hand, Warner playing a very useful 43, and Tarrant getting 31. At the finish of their innings, however, they were ahead only 65 on the first knock.

POIDEVIN AGAIN IN FORM.

Lancashire got 193 against Worcester—for whom Wilson and Arnold bowled very well—a small score for them. Indeed, only three of their batsmen did anything—Poidevin, who is in great form this year, scoring 76, Sharp 28, and Tyldesley 28.

Worcester started badly, but afterwards did well, the 100 going up for three wickets. Later, the Lancashire men bowled well, and at the close Worcester were less than twenty to the good with only two wickets in hand.

Yorkshire were only saved from a most mediocre total by fine batting on the part of Rhodes and Haigh, who got 54 and 34. Even then they only got 133, on what appeared a good wicket, though appearances were probably deceptive. For Warwick, Hargreave and Santall bowled well, especially the former. Warwick, after losing Byrne for 16, went down badly, and at the close were 77 for six wickets, which puts them behind on the first day's play.

Sussex got 222 against Cambridge at Brighton yesterday, the batting being even throughout, a fact which may be gauged from the top score on the side being 41 by Killick. Napier, as usual, bowled well, he should get a place for the Gentlemen at Lord's. Cambridge lost a wicket for no runs, Payne being hobbled for a moon. That, however, was the last of Sussex success, as Mann and Young took the score to 102 without being parted. Mann is batting in wonderful form this year, and I only hope that he is keeping some runs in his bag for the "Varsity" match. F. B. WILSON.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. T. H. Baylis, the oldest King's Counsel, completed his eighty-eighth year yesterday. He was for many years Judge of the Passage Court, Liverpool.

Measuring 2ft. 8in. in length, a shark has been captured in the River Avon at Bristol.

Greenwich Hospital's fine wall paintings, executed by Sir James Thornhill between 1708 and 1727, are being restored.

According to a return issued last night, 5,933 questions were addressed to Ministers in the House of Commons last session.

For use in entering chambers charged with gas or smoke, the Admiralty have adopted a new helmet of leather with absorbent wool lining, air reservoir, and valves.

Eighteen years ago a man named Robert Bell, of Ferry Hill, Durham, disappeared, and all efforts to trace him proved futile. The mystery has now been solved by the finding of human bones in a disused pit in that locality 818ft. below the surface.

Three vessels collided off the Southern lightship, near Hastings, yesterday. The London steamer Clara, badly damaged, was beached beneath the cliffs, but afterwards sank, whilst the Dunkirk barque Livernia also went down after springing a leak. No lives were lost.

Phosphorescent golf balls for evening practice represent the last word in this popular game. Needless to add, the invention hails from America.

Dublin University has decided to confer the LL.D. degree on Mrs. Byers, principal of Victoria College, Belfast. She will be the first North of Ireland lady thus honoured.

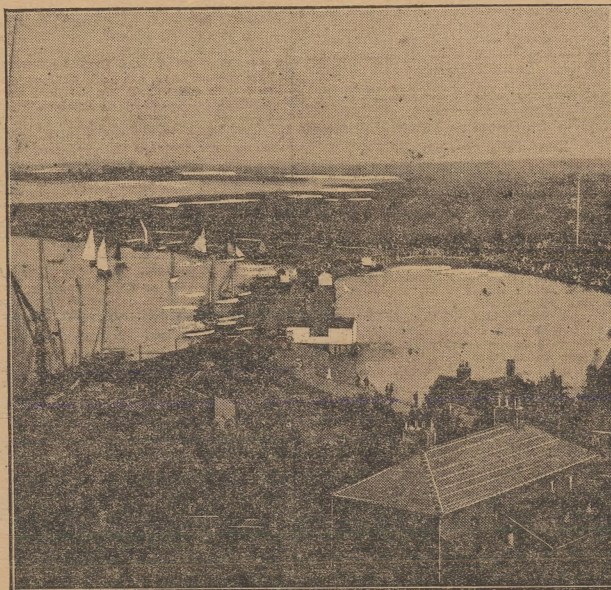
Leaving Euston for Liverpool, yesterday, a party of 204 boys from Dr. Barnardo's Homes embarked on the Dominion liner Southwark, as emigrants to Canada.

With a roar resembling artillery some buildings in course of demolition in Sherwood-street, Golden-square, W., suddenly collapsed yesterday, the debris rendering the thoroughfare impassable.

At the first day's sale at Frome of the Earl of Cork's Somersetshire estates, yesterday, the purchase moneys aggregated £100,000, exclusive of values of timber. Properties in the town of Frome will be sold to-day.

A young man named Purnell, of Coventry, with several friends, went for an early morning swim in Llandudno Bay and was drowned. His body was quickly recovered, and the inquest was adjourned last night in order that the condition of the party when they entered the water at such an early hour as 5.30, might be inquired into.

NEW MARINE LAKE AT MALDON.



The opening of the new marine lake at Maldon, Essex, by Lady Rayleigh. The lake covers two acres, and has cost £1,200. It is a notable addition to the attractions of an already popular holiday resort.

While a number of people watched a little boy being surrounded by the tide at the Strand, on the Galway coast, Miss Quinn, daughter of a retired naval officer, rescued him with great gallantry.

"President Roosevelt impresses me," says the Rev. W. J. Dawson, who has just returned to England from his American tour, "as a strong, honest, and genial personality. The people are genuinely proud of him."

Laughton Manor Farm, Lincolnshire, comprising 569 acres and letting for £630 a year, has just been offered for sale by auction and withdrawn at £10,250. Twenty-seven years ago the estate cost upwards of £30,000.

Knareborough police have invented an elaborate trap for motorists. The measured mile is covered by a wire, to which at one end is attached a push button for the use of the constable, while at the other end, where two officers are posted with stop watches, there is an electric bell.

During the hearing of a case before the Birmingham magistrates it was discovered that for over fifteen years a draper's shop had been licensed for the sale of intoxicants. It had formerly been a restaurant, and the licence had never been withdrawn.

At the Harrow dinner, which will be held in the Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Metropole, on July 12, the chair will be taken by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Mr. Thomas Rhodes, of Gravesend, chief Channel pilot for the P. and O. Company, has been appointed "Ruler of Pilots" by the Trinity House authorities in succession to Captain Ronaldson, R.N.

Knocked down at the junction of Victoria-street and Buckingham Palace-road by a cycle ridden by a plain-clothes policeman yesterday, Mrs. Johnson, of Cadogan-court, S.W., was rendered unconscious and taken to St. George's Hospital.

Sentence of twelve months' hard labour was passed upon George Rider Cole, sub-postmaster of St. Mawes, near Falmouth, at Cornwall Assizes yesterday, for forging a Post-Office savings bank withdrawal warrant for £50, and for embezzling other sums amounting to £31.

Severe comments on the heartless conduct of the crowd were made by the coroner at the inquest at Middleton (Lancs.) on the body of a factory girl named Taylor. At least a hundred people, it was said, stood on the bank of a mill-pond and watched the girl drown herself, no one attempting to rescue her.

MOROCCO CLOUD HANGS OVER CITY.

Stock Exchange Prices Show a
Decline All Round.

PARIS NOT CHEERFUL.

CAPEL COURT, Thursday Evening.—Sunshine and shadows vary the monotony of Throgmorton-street. It is just as well, seeing that there is no business, and no interest otherwise. To-day it was a day of shadows, due to that cloud Morocco way.

Consols closed at 90 7/16. This is just 1/16 lower than yesterday.

The Home Railway market seemed a little disposed again to take things amiss, not regarding the coming dividends with over-much confidence. Investment business was slack. Generally speaking, prices were lower, though one or two investment favourites of yesterday, like North-Eastern and Great Easterns, kept their little clientele together, and made a good showing.

American market advices over night were not encouraging. We were not prepared for the failure of the City Trust and Safe Deposit Company of Philadelphia. That would have been no startling thing in itself, but the reason was an odd one. It was due to extensive forgeries by a customer, and it is thought that he has planted forged certificates on various banks. So Wall Street was rather gloomy about it. Nevertheless the market here was disposed to go a little in advance of the New York equivalent.

GRAND TRUNKS DECLINE.

Yesterday the Grand Trunk dealers were in the "I told you so" mood on the rally. For days past Grand Trunks have looked like going ahead on the slightest encouragement, and ahead they went when it came. To-day the improvement showed signs of being as quickly lost. Apathetic conditions again. They started the Argentine Railway market as though they meant to have prices better, and then the shrinkage soon became noticeable once more.

And much the same applied to all those Foreign Rails that have recently been so popular. At one time Cuban Centrals were got up to 6 11/16, but they were back again to 6 1/2 before long. There was a hang-dog appearance about a good many stocks recently in favour.

Foreigners were gloomy. Paris was not in a cheerful mood, but was rather inclined to talk about politics. So all its leading favourite stocks, like Spanish, Turks, and Rio Tintos, were dull. The South American group, too, was heavy.

NOBODY WANTS KAFFIRS.

The South African Cold Storage group keeps weak on the scandals.

Kent Coal shares, which had such a flourish of trumpets recently, have gone to a discount. Paris once more has been inclined to sell Kaffirs. The wags said that the mining magnates were away at Ascot. Anyway, nobody seems to want them, and so they shrink. Chartered are heavy.

In intimate connection with this group, it is interesting to notice that the Beira Railway debentures have been defaulted upon, the line apparently having been starved to provide traffic for other concerns. Once more there seemed a little support for West Africans, perhaps in view of the coming Wassau issue. As regards other mining shares there is a generally depressed feeling.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GREAT FINGALL (A. F.): Probably the shares are quite high enough.—EAST LONDON (F. N.): Periodically they are put up on rumours of the line being acquired by other concerns, and similar stories. If you buy them it can only be on some such chance.—TWO QUESTIONS (Speculator): Call options, at all events, limit your risk. They require a certain amount of study, but provided that you do not pay too much for them, they are the safest way of speculating. Do not deal with the bucket-shop names.—SEVERAL FIRMS (Uncertain): There should be no uncertainty whatsoever about it. We do not recommend you to deal on the cover system, as advised by Fry and Co., or as advised by Lee, Bailey, and Nephew, nor do we recommend you to indulge in the special operation with John Carter and Son.

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JUNE 23 1905.

THE GREAT UNPAID.

KING HENRY II. always protested vehemently that he never meant his knights to kill Becket when he said in a passion: "Is there none of the sluggards eating my bread who will rid me of this turbulent priest?" Yet no one has ever doubted the King's responsibility for Becket's death.

Just as surely would the guilt of blood rest on the head of Canon Greenwell of Durham if some maniac should act upon his monstrous suggestion in open court—that "it would not be a bad thing if a few fast-driving motorists were to be shot."

People have almost ceased to be surprised at the antics and eccentricities of our unpaid country magistrates. "Truth" has for so many years published every week a list of their offences against common sense and justice that stupidity upon the Bench now seems part of the natural order of things.

Yet surely this unusually unjudicial utterance must set a good many of us thinking about the system which leaves the administration of the law over a large part of England in the hands of men unfitted, either by training or temperament, to discharge such an important public duty.

Of course, a magistrate like Canon Greenwell ought at once to be deprived of his commission as Justice of the Peace. We shall be very much surprised, however, if he is. The matter is one with which the Lord Chancellor ought to deal, but he has allowed outrageous act and speech to pass unnoticed in so many other cases that there is small probability of his taking action now.

An unpaid magistracy is a mistake altogether. We have long recognised that in the towns. How long will it be before the country districts get equal and impartial justice as well? H. H. F.

CHILCOTE IN REAL LIFE.

Superior people were very scornful about the novel and the play based upon the supposition that one man could be so much like another as to be mistaken for him. The idea that John Chilcote's wife could possibly have failed to discover the deception specially aroused their contemptuous incredulity.

Yet at this very moment the French newspapers are full of a case in which a man actually lived for some time with his wife's double and never found her out, or even suspected her, until she confessed her deceit.

The wife in this case had left her husband. Some time afterwards a woman exactly like her, a woman whom the man at once accepted as his wife, appeared in penitence and asked humbly to be taken back. The unsuspecting husband opened wide the arms of forgiveness, and all went on as before.

Now he knows that the woman whom he welcomed as his repentant wife is really his wife's sister. He is rich and generous; his sister-in-law evidently thought it a pity that his money should go out of the family altogether. So she played this trick upon him and succeeded amazingly well.

So well, indeed, that now he is determined to divorce his legal wife and marry the sister who has proved herself such a perfect substitute. We have all heard of the rustic bridegroom who, in reply to the clergyman's "Will you have this woman?" said, with a rueful grin, "I'd rather have 'er sister." Truth has clearly taken a hint from this story, as well as from "John Chilcote, M.P."

How can one venture to call any fiction improvable after this? As for "impossibilities," they simply don't exist. C. B.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

A man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well.—*Bacon*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

LONG life and happiness to little Prince Edward of Wales, who celebrates his eleventh birthday to-day. He has shown wisdom in his choice of an open-air entertainment instead of an "indoors party," to celebrate the occasion. Children, whether royal or not, never enjoy a stuffy party much. I remember hearing that a certain royal child was asked, after his first teaparty in London, to give his opinion of the function. He replied, firmly and ungrammatically, "Too many children and too much hot."

There will be plenty of amusement, apart from the cricket match at Windsor to-day, and the little Prince's health will be drunk in inebrious drinks by his favourite companions. These toasts will be free from the subtlety and ceremony which distinguished those drunk to Prince Edward's grandfather, according to an amusing story recently told. Three diplomats—a Russian, a German, an Englishman—were dining together in Paris. The Russian raised his glass to his Emperor whom he compared to the sun; the German to his, whom he likened to the moon; and the Englishman, seeing that the

together with Anthony Trollope, as Whig candidate for the now disfranchised borough of Beverley. Trollope used to spend his days canvassing, and his nights editing a paper. Lord Herries, who has always been an enthusiast about hunting, came into Trollope's office one night and proposed a holiday with the hounds.

Like two tired schoolboys they made arrangements to leave politics and papers early one morning and escape into the open air. But their electioneering committee heard of the project, and waited upon the candidates in a pompous and parochial body to say that they intended to throw up the election if either absented himself for a single day. So the run with the hounds had to be renounced. Lord Herries, by the way, is descended from the famous Lord Nithsdale, who was sentenced to death in 1715 for taking part in the Stuart rebellion, but was saved, like M. de Lavalette, by his wife, who visited him in prison, disguised him as a mail-servant, and so smuggled him past the prison sentries to freedom.

The pleasant story which has just been told about the Duke of Norfolk and the poor child who offered him a banana without recognising him reminds me

week. She is one of the best-known of all the London hostesses, and is famous for the splendour of her entertainments. Now that her only daughter is married, it is doubtful if there will be any more dances in this fine house, but if she delights her friends with musical entertainments instead nobody will regret the change. A few years ago she gave a flower ball, when all the guests were dressed to represent a sea flower, and the effect was extremely pretty. Mr. Henry Wood is a very wealthy man, a great art patron, a devotee to music, and the possessor of many beautiful things in the way of pictures and bric-à-brac.

One is glad to see that a daughter of the late Professor York Powell, the historian, has been granted a pension on the Civil List. Some men of genius are prevented by circumstances, or by a fault of temperament, from actually producing much. York Powell was one of those. But at Oxford, nevertheless, he is remembered as a man of genius. His omniscience was astounding; it was literally impossible to find a book he had not read. He read, in fact, too much to be able to write enough. His knowledge stifled his powers of production.

A certain very learned specialist on Persian literature once ventured to predict, I remember, that York Powell would not have heard of an almost unknown authority on some Eastern author whose "long, meandering" style I have forgotten. We both agreed to introduce the subject, and to sound York Powell that evening at Christ Church. Hardly had my friend mentioned his subject than Powell said: "You know, of course, the treatise of so-and-so?" My specialist had lost his bet. Not only that. Before the evening was over Powell had introduced him, a lifelong student of the subject, to a pamphlet upon it which he had never even heard of before!

Lord and Lady Ludlow, who have been present at Ascot this week, have not this year taken a house for the races, but have journeyed down from London to Windsor, and the former has driven his coach from the royal borough to the racecourse. They are now quite comfortably installed in their new house in Portland-place, which is said by all those who have seen it to be a marvel of good taste, and beautifully furnished. Lady Ludlow is the mother of Lord Howard de Walden, who is certainly one of the most eligible men of the day, for he has an income of over £175,000 a year.

Lord Howard de Walden is the owner of that beautiful corner house in Belgrave-square, now known as Seaford House, which formerly belonged to Lord Sefton. This house is famous for its marvellous staircase of sea-green marble, and the house itself is one of the finest in London.

The second of a series of pastoral plays, which are to be given on Tuesday and Saturday evenings until July 29, is to be performed under the direction of Mr. Patrick Kirwan, at the Royal Botanic Society's Gardens to-morrow.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Oswald Crawford.

HE proposes to do a great thing. He proposes to reform the tea-drinking habit of the nation, by so doing, save us three and a half millions, while giving us better tea.

Yesterday he pointed out in a letter to the "Times" how it is to be done. We must grind our tea to powder before we add the boiling water. It is from practical experience that he preaches.

But he has other calls to fame besides his tea reform. He has been a well-known man for a long time now. Over a dozen of his earlier years were spent in his country's service as Consul at Oporto. In his spare time he wrote delightful books, and then took to literature altogether.

He was the first editor of "Black and White," and has always played an important part in the world of authors.

He has another distinction. He is probably the tallest literary man in London, standing about 6ft. 3in. It is a well-known tall form in the Garrick Club to see him stoop his tall form as he passes through the doorways. He was proposed for the Garrick Club in the long ago, by the way, by no less a person than Thackeray.

He has travelled extensively, and his discovery in the making of tea came to him while in the wilds of Portugal.

But instinct may have had something to do with it, for his father was for long Governor at Singapore.

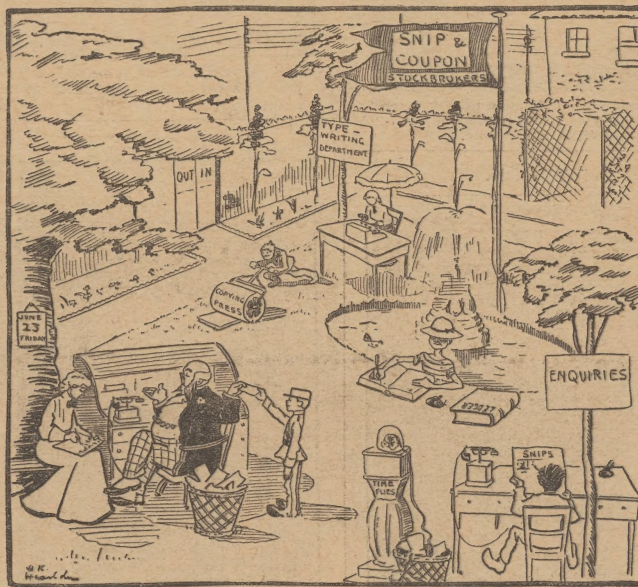
IN MY GARDEN.

JUNE 22.—Our gardens should not always be regarded as collections of individual plants. They must often be viewed from a distance, like a picture. Peeping down sunny ways and over verdant lawns, what a beautiful picture the garden is to-day.

Roses seem to gleam everywhere. Great clumps of foxgloves, white and pink, tower above the faded primroses. Larkspurs, in all shades of blue, raise their stately stems. Round them blue veronicas lovingly nestle. Yellow day-lilies revel in their moist corners, as do the pansies and irises.

Rockets still scent the evening gardens, but they now have many rivals. E. F. T.

A HOT-WEATHER IDEA FOR CITY MEN.



Suggested by the cry of "Back to the Land!" The "Daily Mirror's" patent city office in the country, where jaded men can do business surrounded by green trees and cheered by the song of the thrush.

leading celestial bodies had been annexed by his rivals, drank to King Edward VII. as Joshua, who "was able to make the sun and the moon stand still."

To-day sees the break up of an Ascot Meeting which in every respect has been thoroughly enjoyable and successful. Of course, a great many of the house-parties held during the week will end to-day, but in several cases they will be continued over Monday; and, should the weather remain fine, there will doubtless be seen crowds of well-known people on the river, for Ascot Sunday is well recognised as a fashionable day on the Thames.

The Duke and Duchess of Newcastle have had friends staying with them all the week, including Lady Powis, Lady Rossmore, Lord Ronaldshay, and one or two others. The Duke of Newcastle has not been present at Ascot. He does not care for racing, and is never seen on a racecourse. The place that the Duke and Duchess now own at Windsor is charming in every respect, but quite simply, though very tastefully, furnished. Some three years ago the Duke sold his fine house in Hill-street, Berkeley-square, as neither he nor the Duchess cared for London life. His Grace has many hobbies. The chief of them is photography, and he has also dabbled with Röntgen ray experiments. The Duchess's tastes are entirely rural. She hunts four or five days a week during winter, is a very pretty vixen and devoted to her many valuable dogs. She and the Queen possess the finest stud of Russian boarhounds in England.

The happy event which has been long expected in the Duke of Norfolk's family has brought Lord and Lady Herries, the parents of the Duchess, up to London. Lord Herries is only ten years older than the Duke, his son-in-law. He used to be very interested in politics, and stood, many years ago,

of another instance of the Duke's readiness to be agreeable to anybody he may come across. Walking up to Arundel Cafe from the station a few years ago he was hailed by a butcher boy, whose bicycle had broken down: "Here, guv'nor, give us a hand at this." The Duke walked across the road, knelt down and helped the boy to mend his machine, and walked off without saying who he was. A passer-by informed the boy, who was over-come with confusion at having made "a real Duke" wait upon him.

We must offer our sympathy to Mr. H. G. Wells, the incomparable seer into the future, in the loss of his mother, Mrs. Sarah Wells. Mr. Wells's parents, as he himself is proud to admit, were quite humble people—his father was a tradesman at Bromley, Kent, and had been a professional cricketer. Mr. Wells began life as a draper's apprentice, and he has described the dreary round of his duties then, the pettiness of his insignificant tasks, in his book, "The Wheels of Chance." But he did not remain in the draper's shop for long, and his constant changes of position might serve to invalidate the truth of the saying that a rolling stone gathers no moss.

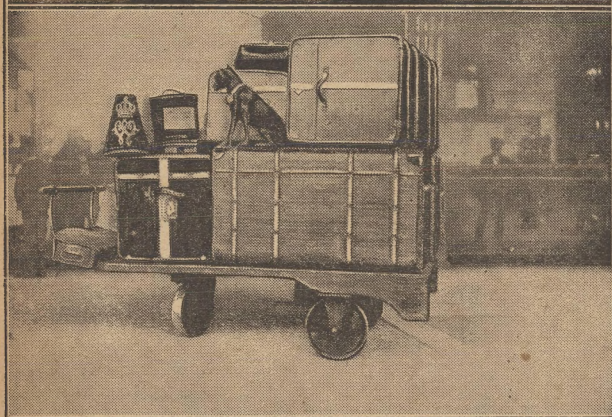
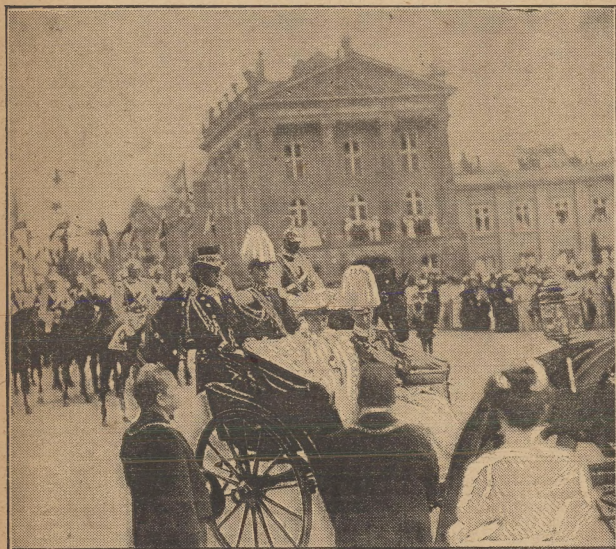
He became in succession a pupil teacher, a chemist's apprentice, and an "usher" in a very humble school. It was during his schoolmastering days that he suffered an internal injury on the football field which left him weak for years and prevented him from ever playing his favourite game again. Hardly had he recovered from this illness than he was struck down again by lung disease. Almost his whole life has been, in fact, a struggle against illness and against the obscurity of his early circumstances.

Mrs. Henry Oppenheim, who has a beautiful house in Bruton-street, is to give a fine concert next



A fair bather at Granville. The ladies pay a great deal of attention to their water costumes. The shapeless garments that until lately were considered the only suitable bathing clothes to wear in England would horrify them.

HOME FROM THE HONEYMOON.



Arrival of the newly-married German Crown Prince and Princess at Potsdam, where their principal future residence is situated. The first photograph was taken while the municipal authorities were welcoming the Imperial pair during their drive from the railway station to the Marmor Palace, and the second shows their luggage at the station. Perched upon the top of the boxes is the Crown Prince's favourite dog.



In the Cool



The sea-bathing season is already in full swing on the Norman and Breton coasts. During the morning parties disport themselves in the Atlantic rollers, and make of bathing a very different function to the reproduced above it will be observed a swimmer.

BOLD SCIENTIST.



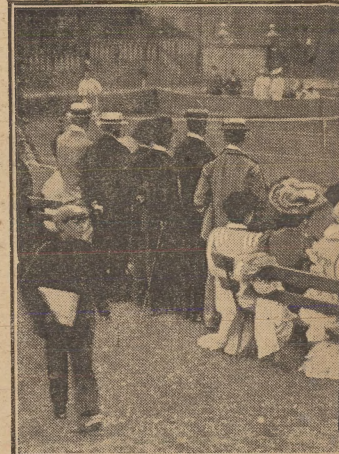
Mr. J. B. Burke, of Cambridge, who claims to have produced living organisms from dead matter in his laboratory by the means of radium. The apparatus used in his experiments is also photographed.

VEGETARIAN CONVERT.



Lady Henry Somerset, the temperance reformer, has announced her conversion to vegetarianism.—(Elliott and Fry.)

LONDON CHAMPION



H. Ward, the American champion, playing M. can eventually won by three.

DUCHESS OF AL



The Duchess was present in the Senate House honorary degree of Doctor in Law, and the S degree. The photograph was taken after the Master of Magdalene, Mr. S. A. Donaldson, the University (on the

Sea Waves



Everyone takes to the water, and it is only in the waves that one can meet one's friends. Gay family
dismal thing it still remains in some of the less go-ahead English watering-places. In the photographs
ing lesson is in progress.

SHIP LAWN TENNIS MEETING AT QUEEN'S CLUB.



Ritchie, the champion of London. The Ameri-
love, with a total of 22 games to 10.



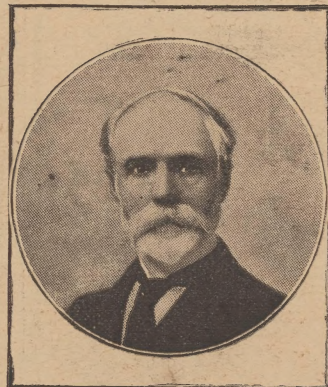
A fair umpire in her judicial seat at the
lawn tennis tournament at Queen's Club.

TY AT CAMBRIDGE.



Cambridge when the Earl of Cromer received the
Wrangler of 1904 (Mr. A. S. Eddington) took his
mony. On the right, next to the Duchess, is the
In the rear is Mr. J. W. Clarke, the Registry of
and Mr. A. C. Benson.

PILGRIMS' GUEST.



Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the new American
Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, is
to be entertained at dinner to-night by the
Pilgrims' Club at Claridge's.



An amphibious family trio in the Waves at Etretat. It used to be a favourite belief
on this side of the Channel that the French were afraid of cold water—but it does
not look like it.

SNAPSHOTS AT ASCOT.



Though it opened with showery weather, the Ascot meeting has since been blessed
with a liberal amount of sunshine, and the shade of the trees in the paddock, where
the first photograph was taken, was much appreciated. No. 2 is a snapshot-portrait
of Lord Hamilton of Dalzell (on the left), and in No. 3 is a capital portrait of Sir
Edgar Vincent (on the right).

THE COWARDICE OF KIND PEOPLE.

Though We Hate Cruelty We Are
Afraid To Stand Out
Against It.

By HOPE MERRICK.

It was while reading of the cruelty on a cattle-boat that I suddenly saw daylight for the oppressed: I was feeling very sick—dumb brute eyes kicked by heavy-booted men are haunting. Men! I felt to wondering if we who call ourselves humane have any more right to the title than they who torture cattle on their journey to the slaughterhouse.

Take you and me, for instance. We consider ourselves humane; perhaps we secretly go farther, and believe we are tender-hearted to a fault. We hate to hear a child cry. We are devoted to our dog. We lament—eloquently lament—the brutality of others, and call it a diabolical state of things. But do we ever do anything to alter it? I am afraid we don't.

We are so modest, we tender-hearts. We have a holy horror of interfering with other people; and a holier horror still of being looked at. See us at a public entertainment where a very popular atrocity may be witnessed—the performing animal. Everyone round us is smiling, the showman most of all. Indeed, the childlike innocence of his smile would reproach our misgiving if we didn't know the truth. But we've had a hard day's work, and have come out to enjoy ourselves, to be happy; we don't want to be depressed by uncomfortable thoughts.

TOO MODEST TO PROTEST.

Pitifully we look on at what our sympathies resent. But we are so modest, we tender-hearts, that we haven't the courage of our convictions; rather than run the gamut of so many eyes, we stick to our seats, and condone the exhibition by our silence—for we haven't even the pluck to hiss.

As to the other wrongs—I know they are all just as poignant, just as much the outcome of mankind's depravity, and the prevailing curse of our silence is there in every instance. It has demoralised us even to the point of actual guilt. Rather than lift our voice above the clamour of the cruel, we have made some of their abominable habits our own. Hiding ourselves behind the screen of "custom," we eat the "crimped" fish gashed alive that its flesh may be the firmer; we eat the lobster and the crab boiled alive; we eat the liver of the goose that must be roasted alive if our foie gras is to be successful.

Surely we don't seem much better than the monsters we denounce. And yet, if we would but come out of our cowardly selves, I believe we could raise an army. I believe there are really more kind than cruel people in the world; for between the timidly compassionate and the ubiquitous savage there is a happy unthinking class, which only needs a "lead."

But we would rather die than exhibit our feelings in public! Even the simple little act of punching a boy's head for stoning a luckless cat daunts us. We think of the crowd that will start up from

nowhere, and we hurry on, saying, "Alas, what's the use of interfering? If it isn't a cat, it'll be something else to-morrow." Or a brilliant idea strikes us; we will drop a postcard to that excellent Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals!

I have nothing to say against the postcard? Nothing—if our own affairs are none so pressing that we forget to send it. But I would still have had that boy's head punched—there's no knowing how many seeds of kindness we might have sown in that nice little crowd.

And have I no good word for that Society? A thousand! It is our saving grace, this splendid factor which works unflinchingly in its search for suffering that is mute; arresting it promptly, healing where it can. It is for us, the free individuals, to stand up to the savage, wherever he may be; to shout him down. So long as we hang back, so long as we are dumb, cruelty will triumph in our midst.

Religious missions are saying a great deal just now about the saving of our slothful souls. We are urged to public demonstration of our faith. Many timid people have risen before the multitude in answer to that call. Why can we not put aside our timidity in another good cause?

HOPE MERRICK.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

TAKING THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE.

Your leading article on "The Scientific Spirit" declares that we take no thought for the future nowadays, and laugh at a plan which demands generations for its accomplishment.

The English at least have not hitherto deserved this reproach. The great French philosopher, Taine, said, when he visited this country, that one thing distinguished us above all other things from the French—we built for the future, in politics, in cities, even in the planting of fine trees, and the French were content with destroying the past.

F. J. BERSFORD.

Bouverie-square, Folkestone.

REVIVING THE CHAPERON.

Surely "Newnham Graduate" need not trouble herself about the revival of the chaperon, since Bachelors of Arts must stand in small need of such refinements.

In giving woman her so-called "freedom" man has not only made the country suffer, but also showed his want of manliness. Let him hastily acknowledge his fault, and gently but firmly assert his authority by leading her back to the old neglected home, where locked within the garden gates the "Bash Matron" will revive and in time give back to England and the world the age of chivalry.

Alsager, Cheshire.

GERTRUDE M. CRAIG.

THE FOUR-WHEELER DYING OUT.

May I complain of a fact which has caused inconvenience, I am sure, to innumerable Londoners? I mean the fact that it is almost impossible to get a four-wheel cab in London.

The other night, coming out of a theatre, I noticed ladies in evening-dress who preferred to walk in the drenching rain to omnibuses rather than take a hansom, which is the most dangerous vehicle imaginable in the wet. All were clamouring for four-wheelers, but there was not one to be had. And as years go by that vehicle is becoming as extinct as the Sedan chair.

E. BRUCE.

Bayswater.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Mr. Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

SIR TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet, whose horse, King Daffodil, was expected to win the Derby.

B. S. VOGEL: A money king and an unscrupulous owner, whose horse, The Devil, won the great race.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating grass widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really a Miss Hilary.)

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who rode King Daffodil in the Derby.

BILLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Dolores entered the room quietly and went straight to her husband's side.

She had picked a bunch of flowers in the garden and she put them on the pillow.

"I thought you might like these, they smell so sweet. Mr. Merrick tells me that you are better. I am glad, very glad."

The curious, enigmatical smile still hovered on Horace Hilary's lips.

"You shouldn't have checked your natural impulse," he said, but without resentment. "Continue to call Merrick by his Christian name. I don't mind—not that it would matter if I did—you call him Arthur behind my back, call him so to my face."

She bowed her head.

"Arthur told me that you were much better," she repeated. "He brought Miss Maybrick here, you know, to help nurse you."

"To help nurse me? Am I such a troublesome patient, then?"

"No," she said hastily. "I didn't mean that, but the doctor suggested—"

"I know. The doctor feared that I might prove violent." He laughed grimly. "He advised you to send me to a hospital—I suppose that meant a lunatic asylum, really, or a private home, somewhere where I'd die quietly, without interfering with you. It was rather weird why you to keep me—at home. I can't make out why you did."

Dolores did not reply.

"Was it a sudden twinge of conscience?" he asked with just a suspicion of sarcasm.

"Perhaps," she said quietly.

Hilary nodded.

"Yes, conscience can frighten us a bit when it chooses to speak loud enough. Conscience could make a coward of the bravest man—and you're a plucky woman, Dolores."

"I wasn't afraid," she replied. "I was sorry."

"For me, eh?" He laughed bitterly. "You pined me?"

"Yes."

"Ah?"

There was a moment's pause.

The birds had ceased to sing outside; there were no human voices in the garden now; all was quiet and peaceful, the last rays of sunlight left the earth lingeringly.

Hilary picked up the bunch of flowers his wife had laid on the pillow and put them to his face.

"You picked these in your garden?"

"In our garden," she corrected.

"Ah! For me, or for him?"

"For you; if I had picked them for him I should have given them to him."

"Yes, you're a plucky woman," Hilary said admiringly, "a very plucky woman. How is it that you're not afraid of me? A few days ago—no, I was forgetting again, Merrick told me it was only a few hours ago—well, a few hours ago you saw me a raving madman, a wild beast. Any moment I may become a wild beast again, I may attack you, I may kill Merrick! Aren't you afraid?"

(Continued on page 11.)



EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

There is no beverage so cooling, so refreshing, so health-giving. Eiffel Tower Lemonade cools the blood and keeps it cool; a 4th bottle makes 2 gallons of Pure Home-made Lemonade.

Buy a Bottle To-day.

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ART DEPT., BUSINESS BUREAU, 115, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.

Ailing Children

need careful dieting.

In summer time, more especially, the little ones show a marked disinclination to take food, or an appetite only for those things which have little nutritive value. There are various reasons for this, some of them incidental to our climate, and others due to the nature of the food. VITALIA has secured wonderful results in cases of Malnutrition, Rickets, and Children's Ailments due to improper feeding. In incipient Consumption, VITALIA is invaluable, and attention is called to the following medical report:—

By its timely use it has saved the life of many a child whose state was so enfeebled that no other form of nourishment could be retained or made use of.

W. P. M.B. Edinburgh.

VITALIA is specially recommended for Anemia, Diarrhea, Wasting Diseases, Dyspepsia, and Nervous Debility, and sold at 1s. and 2s. 6d. per Bottle, by Chemists, or will be sent, post free, from VITALIA, Ltd., 5, Albion Place, Blackfriars Bridge, S.E.

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Daily Mirror, 23/6/05.

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CLOTHING

1/WEEKLY

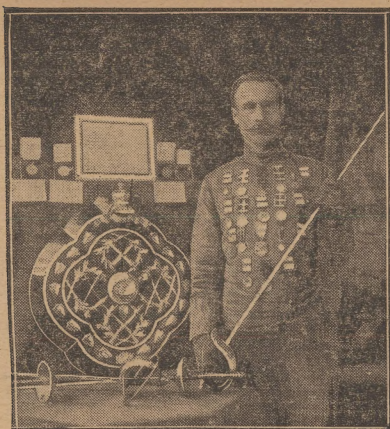
Clothing made to measure below shopkeepers' prices:

27/6; boys' 10/6; ladies' jackets, mantles, and tailor-made costumes from 5/6; cycle suits from 16/6; delivered on small deposit; perfect fit guaranteed; patterns and new American self-measurement forms post free; no objectionable inquiries; quick delivery. Write Dept. 204, A. THOMAS, 317, Upper St., Islington, London, N.

MOTHER, Buy me
"PEEK, FREAN & CO'S"
"VEDA" BISCUITS I do like them

Sample Tin 1/- Post Free from The VEDA FOOD CO North Bridge EDINBURGH.

CHAMPION BRITISH SOLDIER.



Sergeant-Major Walker, of the Army Gymnastic Staff, stationed at Parkhurst, who carried off the championship shield for "best man-at-arms" in both Navy and Army, as well as many other prizes, at the Naval and Military Tournament.

RECORD TOUR.



Louis Cleary has just completed his walk through England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

102 YEARS OLD.



Mrs. Fanny Conway Allen, of Watford, Herts, has just entered upon her 103rd year.

TRAM-CAR CONDUCTOR'S WEDDING.



There was quite a crowd of tramcar conductors at St. Mark's Church, Kennington, when Conductor Maloney, of the L.C.C. tramcars, was married to Miss Jennie Lawrence. The photograph was taken as the bride and bridegroom were leaving the church.

A TOILET SECRET

The most important things in this world are frequently the things that people pay least attention to at the time. When the mischief is done then they sometimes look back to some slight incident or some apparently unimportant blunder that has altered the whole of their subsequent life. This is as true of personal habits and personal appearance as it is of other things. There are many men and women to-day who are lamenting the fact that their skin is shrivelled and bad in colour who at one time had as good a complexion as anyone need wish for. What has worked the change and made the skin unhealthy? Generally speaking, it is due to two causes—first, carelessness and thoughtlessness in regard to the care of the skin, and, second, the use of bad, common, and injurious soap.

IT DOES MAKE A DIFFERENCE

Don't believe those who tell you it makes no difference what soap you use. Your own sense tells you that a greasy, oily, superfatted soap must do mischief by clogging up the pores, and a moment's thought will convince you that a soap with a lot of free or uncombined soda in it will rob the skin of its natural oil, and make it dry and harsh. This being so, it is surely the height of folly to use bad soap when you can for so small a cost have so delightful a soap as "Antexema Soap," which keeps the skin healthy and beautiful.

A WALK THROUGH THE PINE FOREST

Everyone knows how delicious, refreshing, and healthful is the smell of the pines, and how one is reinvigorated by a walk through a pine forest; with every breath you seem to drink in new life and energy, and in "Antexema Soap" for the hair and skin you get the delicious and healing scent of the pines, and you could not possibly have a more delightful soap either for the bath, toilet, nursery, or a shampoo. It is a luxury to wash either the face, hands, body or head with "Antexema Soap," as it purifies the skin and makes the flesh firm and glowing. It does not rob the skin of any of its natural juices, but feeds the true skin, puts new life into it, and gives brilliance to the complexion.

A REFRESHING BATH

However refreshing a bath is when ordinary soap is used, its enjoyment is enormously increased if you use "Antexema Soap." It opens the pores of the skin, liberates their activities, but works no chemical change in those delicate juices that go to make up the charm and bloom of the perfect complexion. On a hot, tiring day, after walking, motoring, or cycling, you should have a bath with "Antexema Soap," and it will be followed by that delicious feeling of coolness and perfect cleanliness which is so exquisite.

THE BEAUTIFUL SKIN OF CHILDHOOD

If you are careful about your own skin and hair you should surely be careful about your baby's skin and that of your children. Whatever you do, be sure you get the soap that is best calculated to keep their dainty skin and silky hair in perfect health and beauty. If you have a beautiful piece of silk embroidery you do not allow anyone to apply coarse soap and soda to it, and so destroy its lovely colouring and the beauty of its texture. Why then should you treat the skin of a baby or little child with less care and thought than you give to the garment you wear? Use "Antexema Soap," and so retain the freshness, lustre, and charm of your child's complexion and the beauty of its hair which Nature intended it to possess.

REASONS FOR USING "ANTEXEMA SOAP"

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The Right Soap for Baby

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

"I'm not afraid of you when you are yourself. The evil things have left you now, and you are yourself."

She hesitated a moment, but as Hilary said nothing she continued:—

"I wish I had seen the real you before; things might have been different."

He sighed.

"It takes a man a long time to find himself, to understand himself, nearly as long as it takes him to find a woman!"

"No man ever understood a woman, Horace. We women are God's enigmas. The problem he has given life to play with, and when men ask us the answer—we reply by giving more life, by creating more enigmas."

Again silence fell between them; Dolores had pulled a seat forward and was sitting beside the bed. Outside the counterpane a thin, white hand lay; once or twice Dolores's hand had stolen towards it, tentatively, nervously. Now she summoned courage and touched it, held it in hers.

A spasm, as of pain, passed through Hilary's body.

"I should think ours has been the most curious marriage that ever existed," he said, with an attempt at a laugh.

"Yes, it has been strangely unfortunate for both of us. You have suffered most; I see that now. But I did not know at the time, I could not know. You left me without a word, you left me without a relative to go to, without a friend. You left me in Vogel's power, and he poisoned my mind against you. I'm not blaming you, Horace, don't think that; but I only want you to see things as they are, to see me as I was, as I am. I don't want you to think me blacker than I am."

"I don't think you 'black' at all. That's what's so fascinating about you—you've kept straight through the most terrible temptations!"

"If you'd never been tempted it would be dif-

ferent—you've not been good because you've been ignorant, like the majority of soulless butterflies; but you've been good because—"

"Don't let's talk about me," she interrupted gently. "Talk about yourself. Perhaps there are things you would like me to do for you. Don't be afraid to ask me anything."

"Do you mean that?"

"Yes—of course."

"If I asked you to keep your promise? You don't reply. Ah! you're afraid now."

"If you asked me to keep my promise—I should do so."

She spoke bravely, but her voice faltered and her face was like a blacksmith's fire that one moment glows gloriously red and the next dies down to grey, cold ashes.

"There's evidently quite a lot for me to see. I've seen very little of our home, haven't I? Had no opportunity of enjoying it; but now I shall take a rest and see how it looks. I daresay you've made it very pretty."

"I've done my best."

"We shall be better off now. By the way—those papers."

6

pages—The London "Evening News," which is the evening edition of the "Daily Mail."

ORDER IT.

(Continued on page 13.)

The 'NEENA' (TRADE MARK) Bust Protector & Improver



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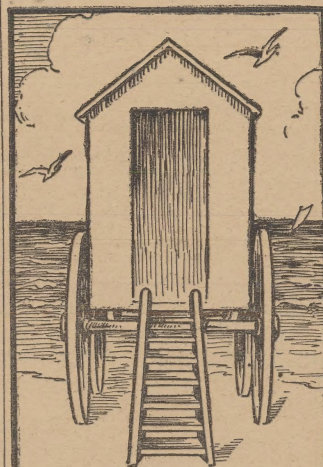
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